1606/1584.

SCOTISH

BALLADS AND SONGS.

Manchester,
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The Songs which have already been printed in the *Literary Miscellany*, with the poems of some of our most celebrated bards, and others which are intended to be printed in that way, do not appear in these compilations.

Respecting the nature and tendency of these selections.—The Songs retained are divested of expressions of violent and enthusiastic passion. Every subject presented possesses some preceptive rule, moral sentiment, or elegant thought. We have found no room for indecency, trifling composition, or the insipidity of modern operas: the most enchanting powers of musical composition cannot atone for the base alloy of levity, vulgarity, and nonsense. All bacchanalian songs are rejected, because Virtue forbids us to mislead the inexperienced and unwary traveller, or to scatter flowers in the paths of vice and profligacy. Songs favouring false notions of honour and glory to be obtained in war (that crime and scourge of nations, that business of ambition, that disgrace of the human kind, that profession of butchery) will make another exception. Some of the ancient ballads, of this species of composition will be retained, for the sake of their simplicity of style and pathos. The relations of dreadful battles, and wonderful adventures of legendary saints and knight-errants, excite rather a curiosity respecting the folly, superstition, and credulity of former times, than impressions of reality or truth. Hunting is a savage diversion, comporting ill with European refinements, and ought to be employed, not as a diversion, but in cases of extreme necessity only, and even then with reluctance; songs of this class are therefore discarded.

No. 8, contains Ancient Ballads.
No. 9, Songs, moral, descriptive, and pastoral; humourous and witty.
No. 10, Elegiac and Sea Songs.
No. 11, Scotish Ballads and Songs.

SCOTISH SONGS.

CHILD MAURICE.

Child Maurice was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But it was for his mother gay
Wha livd on Carron side.

'Whar sall I get a bonny boy,
'That will win hose and shoen,
'That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
'And bid his lady come?

'And ye maun rin errand Willie,
'And ye maun rin wi speid;
'When ither boys gang on their feet
'Ye sall ha prancing steid.'

"Oh no! oh no! my master deir!
"I dar na for my life;
"I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
"For to triest furth his wife."

'My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
'My deir Willie,' he said,
'How can ye strive against the streim?
'For I sall be obey'd.'

"But O my master deir!" he cryd,
"In grenewode ye're your lane;

" Gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,
" For feir ye sold be tane."

' Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,
' Bid her come here wi speid;
' If ye refuse my hie command,
' I'll gar your body bleid.

' Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
' Tis a gowd but the hem:
' Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
' Ein by hersel alane:

' And there it is, a silken sarke,
' Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;
' And bid her come to Child Maurice;
' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

" Yes I will gae your black errand,
" Thouch it be to your cost;
" Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,
" In it ye sall find frost.

" The baron he 's a man o micht,
" He neir cold bide to taunt:
" And ye will see before its nicht,
" Sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

" And sen I maun your errand rin
" Sae sair against my will,
" I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
" It sall be done for ill."

When he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam;
And whan he cam to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnards yeat
Wold neither chap nor ca,
But set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thoch he stude at the yeat;
But streight into the ha he cam,
Whar they were set at meat.

'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
'My message winna wait,
'Dame ye maun to the grenewode gae,
'Afore that it be late.

'Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
''Tis a gowd bot the hem:
'Ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,
'Ein by yoursell alane.

'And there it is, a silken sark,
'Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
'Ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice;
'Speir na bauld baron's leive.'

The lady stamped wi her foot,
And winked wi her eie;
But a that she cold say or do,
Forbidden he wald nae be.

"It's surely to my bower-woman,
"It neir cold be to me."
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
'I trow that ye be she.'

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knie),
"If it be come from Child Maurice
"It's deir welcum to me."

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
'Sae loud as I heir ye lie;
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady
'I trow ye be nae shee.'

Then up and spake the bauld baron
An angry man was he:

He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till crystal cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flie.

" Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
" Wi a the haste ye can,
" And I 'll gae to the gude grenewode,
" And speik wi your lemman."

' O bide at hame now lord Barnard!
' I ward ye bide at hame;
' Neir wyte a man for violence,
' Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.'

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode,
He whistled and he sang:
" O what meins a the folk coming?
" My mother tarries lang."

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care;
And there he first spyd Child Maurice,
Kaming his yellow hair.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
' My lady loes thee weil:
' The fairest part of my body
' Is blacker than thy heil.

' Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,
' For a thy great bewtie,
' Ye'se rew the day ye eir was born;
' That head sall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaided owr the strae;
And throuch Child Maurice fair body
He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
And set it on a speir;

The meinest man in a his train
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him across his steid;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

"Better I loe that bluidy heid,
"Bot and that yellow hair,
"Than lord Barnard and a his lands
"As they lig here and there."

And she has tane Child Maurice heid,
And kissed baith cheik and chin;
"I was anes fow of Child Maurice,
"As the hip is o the stane.

"I gat ye in my father's house
"Wi meikle sin and shame;
"I brocht ye up in the grenewode
"Ken'd to mysell alane:

"Aft have I by thy craddle sitten,
"And fondly sein thee sleip;
"But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
"A mother's teirs to weip."

Again she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin;
"O better I loed my son Maurice,
"Than a my kyth and kin!"

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
'An ill dethe may ye die!
'Gin I had ken'd he was your son
'He had neir been slayne by me.'

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
" Obraid me not for shame!
" Wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,
" And save me frae my pain!

" Since nothing but Child Maurice head
" Thy jealous rage cold quell,
" Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
" That neir to thee did ill.

" To me nae after days nor nichts
" Will eir be saft or kind:
" I'll fill the air wi heavy sichs,
" And greit till I be blind."

' Eneuch of bluid by me's been spilt,
' Seek not your dethe frae me;
' I'd rather far it had been mysell,
' Than either him or thee.

' Wi hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
' Sair, sair I rue the deid.—
' That eir this cursed hand of mine
' Sold gar his body bleid!

' Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
' They neir can heal the wound;
' Ye see his heid upon the speir,
' His heart's bluid on the ground.

' I curse the hand that did the deid,
' The heart that thocht the ill,
' The feet that bare me wi sic speid,
' The comelie youth to kill.

' I'll aye lament for Child Maurice
' As gin he war my ain;
' I'll neir forget the dreiry day
' On which the youth was slain.'

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight:
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo, he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping doune the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hille.

Now Christe thee save thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see,
Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges be?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the teares thy fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe,
Bedewde with many a teare;
And biddes thee sometimes think on her
Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayst have;
And biddes thee weare it for her sake
Whan she is lain in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath broucht her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye.
And within three dayes she must him wedde
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
And greet thy ladye from mee.
And telle her that I, her owne true love,
Will dye or sette her free.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I be at her bowre-windowe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint na stayd,
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
Whan kneeling down he sayd;

O, ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre windowe,
And die or sett thee free,

Now day was gone and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe:
All save the lady Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe.

And sune she heard her true love's voice,
Lowe whispering at the walle;
Awake, awake, my dear ladye,
'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake my ladye deare,
Come mount this fair palfraye;
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Now naye, now naye, thou gentle knight,
Now naye this may not bee;

For aye should I tine my maiden fame
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye thou with a knight so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one.

" My father he is a baron bolde,
" Of lynage proud and hye,
" And what would he saye if his daughter
" Awaye with a knight should fly?

" Ah well I wot he never would rest,
" Nor his meate should do him no goode,
" Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
" And seene thy deare heart's bloode."

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O, lady, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befalle.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
At lengthe he seizde her lilly-white hand,
And doune the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie;
The tears that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a fair palfraye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her own damselle,
In her bed whereas she lay,
Quoth shee, My lord shall know of this
So I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And callde his merry men all;
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
"The ladye is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye,
"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitour,
"Nor carry that lady awaye.

"For she is come of hye lynage,
"And was of a lady borne;
"And ill it beseems thee a false churles's sonne,
"To carry her hence to scorne."

Now loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knight me gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe doune, my lady faire,
Light down and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knighte
Do try this arduous deede.

Fair Emmeline sighd, fair Emmeline weept,
And aye her heart was woe;

While twixt her love and the carlish knight,
Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought soe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layd him upon the playne.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye,
Ah what maye ladye Emmeline doe!
'Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he sawe his owne merry men
Come rydying over the hill.

Now hold thy hand thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand;
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde,
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

O give consent she may be mine,
And blesse a faithful paire;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lynage faire.

My mother she was an erle's daughter,
And a noble knight my sire—
The baron he frownde, and turn'd away,
With meikle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighd, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand;
At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lord and father deare,
This fair yong knight and mee,
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you calld your Emmeline,
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakd his dark broun cheeke,
And turn'd his head asyde,
To wipe away the starting teare
He proudly strave to hyde,

In deep revolving thought he stoode,
And mus'd a little space;
Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd;
And gave her lillye hand:
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
In dayes of youthful pride,
Do thou the injury repayre
In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine;
And now my blessing wend wi' thee
My lovelye Emmeline.

GILDEROY.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
Had roses till his shoon;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi garters hanging doun.
It was, I ween, a comlie sight
To see sae trim a boy:
He was my joy, and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O sic twa charming een he had!
Breath sweet as ony rose:
He never ware a highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eer to him was coy:
Ah wae is me, I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Beith in ae toun together;
We scant were seven years beforn
We gan to luve ilk ither:
Our dadies and our mamies thay
Were fill'd wi mikle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of Holland fine,
Wi dainty ruffles wrought;
And he gied me a wedding ring
Which I receiv'd wi joy:
Nae lad nor lassie eer could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi mickle joy we spent our prime
Till we were baith sixteen,

And aft we past the langsame time
Amang the leaves sae green:
Aft on the banks we 'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
While he wi garlands deck'd my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content
Wi me to lead his life!
But, ah, his maunfu heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife.
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee:
I gied him sic a parting luik!
'My benison gang wi thee!
'God speed thee weil my ain dear heart,
'For gane is all my joy;
'My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
'My handsome Gilderoy.'

My Gilderoy, baith far and near
Was fear'd in every toun;
And bauldly bare awa the geir,
Of mony a lawland loun.
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws
To hang a man for gear;
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mare!
Had not their laws been made sae strick
I neer had lost my joy;

Wi sorrow neer had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He mought hae banisht been;—
Ah what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men!
To hang the flower o Scotish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy:—
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
Wi irons his limbs they strung;
To Edinborow led him thair,
And on a gallows hung.
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae bauld a boy;
Thair dyed the youth wham I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath
I bare his corse away,
Wi tears, that trickled for his death,
I wash'd his comlie clay;
And siker in a grave right deep
I laid the dear lued boy:
And now for ever I maun weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

FLODDEN FIELD.

I have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,
Lasses a lilting eir the break o day;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but siching and sabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At een in the gloming nae swankies are roaming,
'Mang stacks wi the lasses at bogle to play;
For ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary;
The Flowers o the Forest, wha're a wed away.

In harst at the sheiring na yonkers are jeiring;
The bansters are lyart, runkled, and gray;
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
Sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

O dule for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for anes by gyle wan the day.
The Flowers o the Forest, wha ay shone the foremost,
The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay!

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleip,
It grieves me sair to see thee weip:
If thou 'lt be silent I 'll be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart full sad;
Balow my boy, thy mither's joy;
Thy father breids me great annoy.

Whan he began to seik my luve,
And wi his sucred words to muve;
His feining fause, and flatt'ring cheir,
To me that time did nocht appeir;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

Lye still, my darling, sleip a while,
And whan thou wak'st sweitly smile;
But smile nae as thy father did
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
What yet I feir, that thou sold leir
Thy father's heart and face to beir!

Be still, my sad one: spare those teirs,
To weip whan thou hast wit and yeirs;
Thy griefs are gathering to a sum,
God grant thee patience when they cum;
Born to proclaim thy mother's shame,
A father's fall, a bastard's name.

TO HIS HAIRT.

Returne thé hamewart, hairt, agane;
And byde quhair then wast wont to be:
Thou art ane fule to suffer pane
For luve of hir that luvis not thé.
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie;
Luve nane bot as they mak thé cause:
And lat her seik ane hairt for thé,
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall
But thank? Sen thou has thy fré will,
My hairt be nocht sa bestial;
But knaw quha dois thé guid or ill.
Remane with me, and tary still,
And se quha playis best their pawis;
And lat fillok ga fling her fill,
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

Thoch scho be fair I will not fenyie,
Scho is the kind of utheris ma:
For quhy? Thair is a fellone menyie
That semis gud, and ar not sa.
My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa,
For Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis;

Bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga,
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

Becaus I find scho tuk in ill,
At her depairting thow mak na cair,
Bot all begyld go quhar scho will;
A schrew the hairt that mane makis mair!
My hairt be mirry late and air,
This is the fynall end and clause;
And let hir fallow ane silly fair,
For feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

RONDEL OF LUVE.

Lo quhat it is to lufe,
Lern ye that list to prufe;
Be me, I say, that no ways may
The grund of grief remuve:
Bot still decay both nicht and day.
Lo quhat it is to lufe!

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
Kendillit with desyre,
Schort plesour, lang displesour,
Repentance is the hyre;
Ane puir tresour without messour.
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyiss:
To rege with gude adwyiss;
Now thus, now than, so gois the game;
Incertaine is the dyiss.
Thair is no man, I say, that can
Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Flé alwayis frome the snair:
Lerne at me to beware
It is ane pane, and double trane,
Of endless wo and cair.
For to refrane that danger plane,
Flé alwyis frome the snair.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi his blasts sae bauld,
Was thretning a our ky to kill;
Then Bell my wife, wha loes na strife,
Said unto me right hastilie,
Get up goodman save Crumy's life,
And tak your auld clok about ye.

He. O Bell why dost thou flyte and scorn?
Thou ken'st my clok is very thin,
It is so bare, and overworne,
A cricke he thereon cannot rin.
Then I'll nae langer borow or lend,
For ance I'll new apparel'd be;
To morow I'll to toun and spend,
I'll have a new clok about me.

She. My Crumy is ane usefu cow,
And she is come of a good kine;
Aft has she wet the bairnis mow;
And I am laith that she should tyne.
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sa hie;
Sloth nevir made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld clok about ye.

He. My clok was anes a good grey clok,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thritty year.
Lets spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud sen I have sworn
To have a new clok about me.

She. In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half-a-croun,
He said they were a groat our dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.

He was the king, that wore a croun,
And thou 'rt a man of laigh degree;
Tis pride puts a the country doun,
Sae tak thy auld clok about thee.

He. Every land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind o corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a run wrang
When ilka wife her man wad rule.
Do ye not sie Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the ase?
I 'll ha a new clok about me.

She. Goodman I wat 't is thritty years
Syne we did ane anither ken,
And we have had atween us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now they are women groun and men,
I wish and pray weil may they be:
And why will thou thysell misken?
Een tak your auld clok about ye.

He. Bell my wife, she loes na strife,
But she wald guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho I 'm goodman.
Noght's to be won at woman's hand
Unless ye gie her a the plea;
Then I 'll leave off where I began,
And tak my auld clok about me.

Oh how could I venture to luve ane like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
On lords, thy admirers, could look wi disdain,
And knew I was naething yet pitied my pain?
You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense and dress,
When real the passion the vanity's less.
You saw thro that silence which others despise,
And while beaus were a-tauking read luve in my eyes.

O how I shall fauld thee and kiss a thy charms,
Till fainting wi pleasure I die in your arms,
Thro all the wild transports of extacy tost,
Till sinking together, together we're lost!
O where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy.
Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy,
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
(Too nice for expression) what only we feel:
In a that ye do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
When I see you I luve you, when hearing adore;
I wonder and think you a woman no more:
Till mad wi admiring I canna contain,
And kissing your lips you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom how can I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties and look awa care;
I'll ask thy advice when with troubles opprest,
Which never displeases but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
Thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er;
And then live in friendship when passion's no more.

ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks in a summers night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony, feck.

I said, My lassie will ye go
To the highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gie ye baith a ew and cow.
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, neer fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

When we all day have wroucht eneuch,
When winter-frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
And there the weary night we'll en,
Till tender kid-and-lamb time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans gleim oer ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my simmer bield:
Then, far frae a their scornfu din,
Wha mak the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

BLACKFORD HILL.

The man wha lues fair nature's charms,
Let him gae to Blackford hill;
And wander there amang the craigs,
Or down aside the rill;
That murmuring thro the peblis plays,
And banks whar daisies spring;
While, fra ilk bush and tree, the birds
In sweetest concert sing.

The lintie the sharp treble sounds;
The laverock tenor plays;
The blackbird and the mavis join
To form a solemn base;
Sweet Echo the loud air repeats,
Till a the valley rings:
While odorous scents the westlin wind
Frae thousand wild flowers brings.

The Hermitage aside the burn
In shady covert lyes,
Frae Pride and Folly's noisy rounds
Fit refuge for the wise;
Wha there may study as they list,
And pleasures taste at will,
Yet never leave the varied bounds
Of bonny Blackford hill.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

While some praise the pastoral margin of Tweed,
And others the beautiful banks of the Tay,
Accept, O fair Clyde, of my dutiful lay;
Thy rural meanders no stream can exceed.

Full oft thy wild banks in my youth did I tread
The trout and the par from thy wave to decoy;
Maria then shar'd in my innocent joy:—
But Maria is false and my pleasures are fled!

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll na twin wi his geir;
My minny is a scalding wife
Hads a the house a steer.
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a ane to me.
For he's low doun in the broom
Waiting for me;
Waiting for me, my love,
Waiting for me,
For he's low doun in the broom
Waiting for me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel
And sair she lightlies me;
But weil I ken its a for spite,
For neer a jo has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
Wi Johny o the glen;
And ay sinsyne she cries, Beware
Of false deluding men.
But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night
And spier'd when I saw Pate;
And ay sinsyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them say, &c.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sat ae day on a hill;
Whan nicht was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill;
A! I wull nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends wull.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little bewtie fair Annet haes,
O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brither gane:
Now, brither, rede ye mee;
A! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-brown bride,
And cast far Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall hae naething to mysell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:
Now, sister, rede ye me;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest you sould sigh, and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I wull tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I wull tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich wedden.

My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' neidle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi siller he was shod before,
Wi burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
Wer a tied till his mane,

Wi yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four-and twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirke,
She sat on Maries stean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It shinkled in their ean.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a wi pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And hir een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi meikle spite;
And whair gat ye that rose-water
That does mak yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane;
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mither's wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word spak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
Bot whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
Now stay, my dear, he cryd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by hir side.

Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirk-wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvers deare.

CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scotish woods
Three summer days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds quickly ran,
To chase the fallow-deere:
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appear;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say.

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scotish speares
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a speare.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steede
Most like a baron bold,

Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold:

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,
That hunt sae boldly heere,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we bee:

Yet will we spend our deerest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battel trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy sayd,
By whom this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You bee two Earls, sayd Witherington,
And I a squire alone:

I'll doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew;
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
Two captains mov'd with mickle pride,
Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout Earles did meet,
Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
And made a cruel fight:

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steele;
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scotish king:

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,

Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadlye blow:

Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees me fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.

A knight among the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And thro Earl Percys body then
He thrust his hatefull speare;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The speare went thro the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slaine:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With brave Earl Percy, there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery;

Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sone was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scotish speeres,
Scarce twenty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace:
Under the green-woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
Bot all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did rayne,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes! King James did say,
Scotland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chace:

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will no better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee;

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percys sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, on Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land
In plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny,
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I 'll make it narrow;
For a the live lang winter night
I 'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

How happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his safe retreat,
Is pleased with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care, and bus'ness free,
At once baith good and great!

Nae drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears nae danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind;
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds;
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care,
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lyes,
But angles not with baits and flies;
Then next the sylvan scene he tries,
His spirits to regal;
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows;
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his time in toys
Beneath his just regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and shed his tender trees;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys their sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads and silent coves,
The scenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wish'd delight;
But O how pleasant is this life!
Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, void of strife,
Around his fire at night!

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
Dear she lo'ed the well known song,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long.
Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claiths she had but few;
Of rings and jewels nae great store,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair;
Love's the pearl the shepherds prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart;
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna ha'e the dominie, for geud he canna be;
But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee:
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me;
He's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I winna ha'e the minister, for a' his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer ha'e, for a' his wily crooks;
I winna ha'e the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, without a penny siller.
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I winna ha'e the sodger lad, for he gangs to the war,
I winna ha'e the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;
I winna ha'e the lord nor laird, for a 'their meikle gear,
But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir;
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

The lawland lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie?
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome, charming highland laddie;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to choose
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I 'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrow's-town,
In a' his airs, which art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I 'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He 'll screen me wi' his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I 'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny &c.

When first I ken'd young Sandy's face,
He sung and look'd wi' sic a grace;
He stole my heart, but did na care;
The lad he lo'ed a lass more fair:
And oft I sung o'er brae and burn,
How sweet's the love that meets return.

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,
Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind;
Which made the love-sick laddie rue;
For she was cauld when he was true:
He mourn'd and sung, o'er brae and burn,
How sweet's the love that meets return!

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,

To make a garland for her hair;
But she refus'd a gift so fair.
This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne;
But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale een,
And love so true is soonest seen:
Dear lass! said he, my heart is thine;
For thy soft wishes are like mine:
Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,
How sweet's the love that meets return!

My answer was both frank and kind;
I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind:
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee;
And wha sae blest as he and me!
Now blithe we sing, o'er brae and burn,
How sweet's the love that meets return!

BALLENDEN'S BRAES.

It was high o'er the murelands and down by the Lyne,
Whare the waters rin deep and the hillocks begin,
That Bessy, the bonny, wi heart sad and sair,
Sat tir'd on a know, an sang loud her despair;
Fausse, fausse the great town is and fausse are its ways,
Like him who decoy'd me fra sweet Ballenden's braes.

When the laird o'the land first came down to our glen
He tell'd me he ne'er saw o fairle till then.
He sleek'd down my hair, and he leugh'd in my e'en;
He sich'd o'er my hand, and he ca'ed me his queen,
But fausse was his heart, and mair fausse ware his praise,
For he tuk me awa frae sweet Ballenden's braes.

He was young, like mysel, and he sware he wad be,
A faither, and brither, and aw things to me;
He sware, gin I lo'od him, he 'd mak me sa fine,
That wi goud and wi siller my tardan sho'd shine;

But fausse ware his words, and mair fausse ware his ways,
Wha tuk me awa frae sweet Ballenden's braes.

I thoch'd it was sinful, but he luk'd so kind,
I thoch'd it was sinful to tarry behind,
Sa high o'er the murelands, and far frae my hame,
He led me, and made me believe it na shame;
But fausse ware his doings, and fausse ware his ways,
For he tuk me far off frae sweet Ballenden's braes.

But short was his kindness, his gude words, and care,
Whan he saw the great town than he lo'od me na mair,
He tuk to great ladies, they leugh me to scorn,
And he wad na help me, but left me to mourn;
Till, sick wi his sin, and near kill'd by his ways,
I am come back to dee on sweet Ballenden's braes.

Pollingrove Robinson, Esq.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fold, and the ky come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The waes o my heart fa' in showers frae my ee',
Unkent to my gudeman who sleeps so sound by me.

Young Jamie loe'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving o a crown, he had nae thing beside;
To mak the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pound—O they were baith for me.

Before my loe was gone a twelve-month and a day,
My father brak his arm—and our cow was sto'n away.
My mither she fell sick, my Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray, he came o'er a courting me.

My faither could na work, my mither could na spin;
I toil'd both day and night,—their bread I could na win:

Auld Rob maintain'd 'em baith, and wi tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, oh will you marry me?"
My heart it said na,—for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the winds they blew hard, and his ship was a wrack.

His ship it was a wrack! why did na Jenny dee?
O wherefore was she spar'd to cry out, wae is me!

My faither agu'd sair, my mither did na speak,
But she look'd in my face 'til my heart was like to break.
They gied him my hand, while my heart was in the sea,
And so Auld Robin Gray he was guidman to me.

I had na been his wife, but weeks only four,
When mournfully as I sat, on the stain at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I could na think it he,
'Til he said, "Here I 'm come home, loe, to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
I gi'd him but ae kiss, and bade him gang away;
I wish that I were deed, but I 'm na like to dee;
My heart it will nae break, it's sae young,—wae is me!

I wander like a ghaist, I care na much to spin;
I dare na think of Jamie, for that wo'd be a sin:
But I will do my best, a gude wife aye to be;
For oh, Auld Robin Gray, he is sae kind to me!

Lady A. L.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Are still my heart's delight,
I sing their sangs by day,
And read their tales by night.
If frae their books I be,
'T is dulness then with me;
But when these stars appear,
Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon style,
And wit that flows with ease,
Instructs us with a smile,
And never fails to please.
Bright Sandy glady sings
Of heroes, Gods, and kings:
He well deserves the bays,
And every Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines,
Young, with Horacian flame,
Corrects these false designs
We push in love of fame.
Blyth Gay in pawky strains,
Makes villains, clowns, and swains
Reprove, with biting leer,
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight!
Let all the dunces bray,
You 're far above their spite:
Such, from a malice sour,
Write nonsense, lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For who the trash will read?

Allan Ramsay.

Composed in August.

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;

I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

Robert Burns.

'Twas on a bonny April day,
Whan birdies sweetly sing,
An' buds appear on ilka spray,
At the approach o' Spring.
Then I first saw my lassy fair,
Mair fresh than meadow spinks;
O' beauty nane has sic a shair
As Kate o' Bruntsfield-links.

Her skin is like the lily pure,
Her een are black as slaes;
An' tho' her fouk are ay ca'd poor,
Nane dis wear brawer claiths.
Her titty Nell, an' cousin Meg,
Dress'd in their whites an' pinks,
Cou'd never shaw ye sic a leg,
As Kate o' Bruntsfield-links.

Her cheeks are like the rose in May,
Her waist is neat an' sma';
O' wooers, nae lass e'er had mae;
For me she slights them a'.
Were I possess'd o' gear an' land,
I 'm sae ta'en wi' her blinks,
To nae lass I wad gie my hand,
Save Kate o' Bruntsfield-links.

Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's Love,
Bell dropt a tear,
The gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear;
They heard the praises of the youth,
From her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung:

Bless'd days when our ingenuous sex!
More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind;
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
Yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire;
While love's young power, with his soft wing,
Fans up the fire.
Oh! do not with a silly pride,
Or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprise.

Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care;
But now I will sav 't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me, his dear image shall stay,
And my soul ever keep him in sight.

With patience I 'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away, till thou appear
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life:
But now I 'll endeavour to rise
To a height that 's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that 's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans in May:
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue 's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband has sense to approve.

Allan Ramsay.

NOTES

chiefly from Pinkerton.

Child Maurice.

Gil signifies *Child*, as is the case in the Gaelic: Gilchrist, means the *Child of Christ*.

Gilderoy

is said to be a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the 16th century. Old story-books relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c.

Flodden Field.

The stanzas here given form a complete copy of this exquisite Dirge. The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composure. But it is the painful, though most necessary duty of an Editor, by the touchstone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity.

Lady Bothwell's Lament.

The subject of this pathetic ballad is a lady of quality of the name of Bothwell, or Boswell, having been, together with her child deserted by her husband or lover composed these affecting lines herself. These four stanzas appear to be all that are genuine in this elegy. Many additional ones are to be found in the common copies, which are rejected as of meaner execution. They are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's Edition, and several stanzas of his own added; a liberty he used much too often in printing ancient Scotish poems.

Rondel of Luve.

St. 2. *Ane puir tresour without messour.*] That is, a poor treasure of no measure, or account: not a pure treasure without measure, or bounds. St. 3. *To rege with gude adwyis.*] Seems a translation of *Insanire docet certa ratione modoque.*

"Oh how could I venture to luve ane like thee."

In the third stanza of this pretty song the reader will osberve imitations of Tibullus and Parnell.

Blackford Hill,

is one of the romantic environs of Edinburgh, that most romantic of all cities, in situation.

GLOSSARY.

A, all.
Ae, ane; one.
Aye, always.

Baith, both.
Balow, hush.
Banster, men who bind up sheaves.
Benison, blessing.
Bent, the open field.
Biel, bield; shelter.
Bogie, a kind of play.
Bot, without.
Bouchts, sheepfolds.
Bra, bravely dressed.
Brawe, brave.
Byre, or byar; a cow-stall.

Carle; an old man, fellow.
Cauld, cold.
Chap, a blow.
Cliding, wardrobe.
Cushat; the wood pigeon, or dove.

Daffin, waggery.
Dight, bedight; decked, made ready, also to clean.
Dool; pain, grief.
Dowie; dreadful, melancholy.
Dule, grief.

Fadge, a sort of bread.
Fash; to care, to be anxious.
Feck; a part, quantity.
Ferly, fairlie; wonder.
Fillok, filly.
Flinders, splinters.
Fleeching, flattering.
Frae; fro, from.

Ga, gae, gang; go.
Gabbing, prattle.
Gar, cause.
Gi, gie; give.
Gleed, squinting.
Gloming, glowming; dusk.
Gowans, dasies.
Greit, weep.
Gude, good.
Gyle, guile.

Harst, harvest.
Heather, heath.
Hecht, promised.

Ilk, ilka; each.

Jo, sweetheart.

Ken, know.
Know, hillock,
Kyth; acquaintance, friends, companions.

Luigh, low.
Lane, alone.
Leir, learn.
Leglin, a milking-pail.
Leman; lover, mistress.
Lift, the firmament.
Lig, lie scatteredly.
Lilting, merry making with music.
Lintie, linnet.
Loaning, a common green near a village.
Loe, lue; love.
Loch, a lake.
Loun, rogue.
Lyart, hoary.
Lychtlies, undervaluos.

Mane, main; moan, lament.
Marrow; mate, fellow, comrade.
Maun, must.
Mavis, thrush.
Meikle, much.

Na, nae; no, none.

Pawky, witty.
Pawis, tricks.
Pu, pull.

Rede, warn.
Runkled, wrinkled.

Sarke, shirt.
Sabbing, sobbing.
Scant, scarce.
Scorning, jesting ironically.
Sheen, shining.
Sic, such.
Sicker; firm, secure.
Siller, silver.
Sinsyne, since that time.
Slaid, to move speedily.
Sned, to cut.
Speir, ask.
Sucred, sugared.
Swankies, merry fellows.
Syne; afterwards, then.

Tane, taken.
Tardan, tartan; cross striped stuff checked, the highland plaid.
Triest, make an assignation.
Trews, hose and breeches in one piece.
Twin'd; parted, separated.
Tyne, to lose.

Wae worth ye, woe befall ye.
Wad, wed; pledge, wager, pawn, also would,
Wed, weeded.
Westlin, western.
Winna, will not.
Winsum; agreeable, winning.
Wood, mad.
Wyte, blame.

Yat, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.

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